

The Mountain Advocate.

Official Organ of the Republican Party in Knox County.

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MISS LAWSON TAKES LEAD

Contestants Well Bunched and the Race Growing Warm

There is one feature about our piano contest that is unusual and pleasing, that is the fact that no one individual is running off with a lead that makes it look formidable to the other contestants. This week there are several near the top and so closely bunched that either one is liable to be at the top of the list by the time the votes are counted next week. This week there are names near the top that were nearer the bottom of the list last week, and there are also new names added to the list, so that it makes it so that you can't always sometimes tell what is going to happen before this contest closes. The contestants are working hard, and do you blame them, when such a beautiful premium is being given away absolutely free of any cost whatever to them. Their friends are also busy doing things for them that they know nothing about, and this is what helps to keep the contest so uncertain. It does not pay to be discouraged one week because you have had one bad week and think you have not as many votes as some of the others. When the votes are counted you will always find that some one else has been thinking of you and your vote will increase just the same. No one will be afraid that they will be dropped because they have increased their vote in the two weeks if they are in earnest in their efforts to secure this beautiful piano. The votes will be there, decided by their friends, and the only thing left to do is to get more than the other contestants.

Here is just a little tip—There are lots of people who do not care a rap about the vote for and when you are on the list they just glance down at it and usually give it to the person at the top because they think it is a waste of their vote to vote for some one who is near the bottom and has no chance

Try to keep near the top, and do not wait until the contest gets old before getting busy, and you will find that it will help more than you think.

List of Candidates

Linda Lawson	16795
Mable Matthews	16764
Sarah J. Fuson	14350
Betty Golden	14070
Gladys Stelle	12890
Kitty Carnes	12880
Laura Hays	12775
Maggie Terrell	10425
Naomi Tuttle	9895
Bertha Lane	9575
Clara Lambdin	7775
Jess Ballard	8785
Dorthea Miller	8812
Nan Logan	8974
Bertha Hall	9744
Florence Shelton	8972
Bess Sawyer	9540
Nannie V. Soward	7805
Nila Parker	9975
Cleo Howard	9760
Francis Farmer	10411
M. E. S. S. North	9390
Louise Hyden	8870
Lutie Lockhart	10020
Mary Gilbert	7987
Elsie Wilson	9135
Myrtle Mitchell	11485
Jess Davis	8988
M. E. S. S. South	6680
Gladys Stratton	8955
Julia Smith	8320
Maud Elliot	11560
Allice Heaton	9733
Ticy Miles	10590
Evlyn Black	8395
Jewel Tye	9145
Mary McDermott	7580
Cleo Jones	9780
Beatrice Croley	8990
Elva Jackson	11520
Hilda Fisher	6970
Ethel Owens	7823
Allice Arnett	8789
Lillie Williams	7983
Evlyn McClung	8120
Della Bishop	9335
Mary Berry	9760
Lou Faulkner	9795
Ida Faulkner	8895
Daisy Herd	6248
Bulah May	5290
Mary Saylor	8890
Bonnie Tye	9483
Pauline Blackburn	7544
Flurence B. Norman	9575
Nora Henson	7620
Nellie Root	11285
Daisy Robinson	7985
Roberta Cole	6590
Mrs. Lou Webb	6775
Maud Cole	8963
Mattie Lawson	4500
Mattie Shelton	7385
Pearl Hullock	6575
Emma Morris	

Ottie Adams
Margaret Helton
Lenora Lewis

5765
5321
3985

Rules Governing the Contest

Rule 1.—This contest is open to any lady, child, church, Sunday school or lodge, and will run approximately six months.

Rule 2.—The votes will be counted every Wednesday evening at six o'clock by a disinterested committee appointed by the contest managers; and the results published in the Mountain Advocate the same week.

Rule 3.—No employee of the Parker Mercantile Co., or the Mountain Advocate will be allowed to enter in this contest.

Rule 4.—Any candidate whose vote fails to increase in two weeks at any time will be dropped from the contest and their votes thrown out and not allowed to count for any one.

Rule 5.—No votes will be allowed to be solicited by any candidate or any of their friends inside the store of the Parker Mercantile Co.

Rule 6.—Votes will be given on all purchases amounting to 25 cents and upwards at the rate of one vote for each one cent of purchase, or 1100 votes for each \$10 purchase; or 1000 votes for each \$1.00 paid either on back subscription, renewal or paid in advance subscription to the Mountain Advocate. Or 200 votes for each one dollar paid on all accounts made at the Parker Mercantile Co., prior to January 1st, 1912.

Rule 7.—All votes must be deposited in the presence of one of the contest managers, and must be voted upon a ballot furnished for that purpose alone and count assigned by a representative of the Parker Mercantile Co., or Chas. D. Cole, as editor of the Mountain Advocate.

Rule 8.—All votes must be deposited at the time of purchase and must remain in the possession of the Parker Mercantile Co., until the contest closes, and no votes will be allowed to be transferred from a retiring candidate to any other contestant or any one.

FINE PROGRESS IN LOUISVILLE

Men and Religion Movement Brings Immediate and Striking Results

Strong Emphasis on Social Uplift and Boys' Work, as Well as on Purely Spiritual Effort and Worship

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 31.—During the past three months the City of Louisville has shown a new religious and social quickening. Through the efforts of the Committee of One Hundred and all other Committees together with the co-operation of the churchmen and churches the city has begun a fight for better living and better conditions. The survey of the city has given sufficient data for applying a regenerative gospel. The educational work, through the medium of lectures, public newspapers, institutes, sermons by pastors and small groups in churches, public places, shops, etc., has been invaluable, but the Eight-day Campaign with its institutes and platform meetings, led by specialists, and the closing meetings on Sunday, November 26, when four hundred and eighty men decided for a Christian life, brought a new vision and responsibility.

Thirty-four churches have organized Men's Committees along the plans of the Movement. Eleven new Men's Brotherhoods have been organized. Ten shop meetings are conducted each week under the care of the Community Extension Committee.

A Drama Club has been organized to bring about municipal censorship of Moving Pictures and Theatrical Performances.

The Committee on Boy's Work has divided the city into districts where all the churches are centered. Training classes for Boy Leaders are being organized, and these leaders will co-operate with Sunday Schools, Churches and boys' organizations in the city.

Classes in home life, adolescence, child psychology, industrial work, and Bible study, will be conducted at the Y. M. C. A. building during the winter, and a summer camp training conference has been planned. Special mass meetings for boys will be held from time to time and week-end hikes are being conducted. A new trailer's library, consisting of twenty-five volumes, with a budget for additions, has been secured and is at the disposal of all boy leaders throughout the city.

The Bible Study Committee is busy enlisting men and boys in the daily reading of the Bible. Graded lessons in Sunday Schools and Normal Teachers' Training classes in each Sunday School are urged. One Men's Bible Class is striving to organize five hundred street-car conductors and motormen into a Bible Class, and wherever men cannot come to the class, they will be urged to take up the reading in their homes, suggested by the Committee.

An Interdenominational Sunday-school Teachers' Normal Training Class will be started in the near future. One such class meets already every Friday at the Y. M. C. A. The new class will be along pedagogical lines and aim to assist adult teaching.

The Committee on Evangelism has arranged for Sunday afternoon Men's Mass Meetings in the six districts of the city. Once each month, January to May, a Men's Mass Meeting will be held in one of the Central theaters, when men of prominence will be secured to deliver the message. Two hundred and sixty volunteer personal workers

representing nearly every church in the city are pledged to stimulate and organize the family altar, cottage prayer-meetings, shop meetings and community extension.

A Union personal Workers' Class has been organized for the study of personal work for individuals. This class meets every week and is led by pastors of the city and professors in the two theological seminaries.

The social Service Committee has been quietly organizing and on December 13th held a very helpful and enthusiastic public meeting where specific recommendations to the various churches, in order to further the social service phase of the movement, were made public. The churches are requested to make intensive surveys, showing their own conditions, the value and reach of their own work; showing their own conditions, the number of members attending morning and evening services, and proportion of men and women so doing; also a survey of prayer meetings and Sunday School attendance. The survey is to show economic conditions of the members classifying them as well-to-do, of moderate means but at least self-supporting on the border line between self-supporting and dependent, and, finally, dependent members. Maps are being prepared showing the residence of members and local influences, good or bad, surrounding them such as saloons, pool rooms, chile parlors, picture shows, theatres, libraries, public schools, Y. M. C. A. buildings, churches, industrial and institutional churches. Frequent meetings of the committee, and many social gatherings in the churches are contemplated.

Steps will be taken for the formation of a joint social service registration bureau, which will receive reports from the different charitable organizations of the city, Board of Health, hospitals, schools, etc., with a view to help all existing organization to adopt a standardized program regarding all the municipal and social problems, such as suppressing vice, crime, poverty, child labor, truancy, etc., and a sub-committee will busy itself to secure legislation wherever and whenever reform is needed.

The Committee on Missions held one enthusiastic public meeting when most encouraging reports were heard of the effects of the every-member canvass. The Committee reports sixty-eight out of the one hundred and thirty six churches of the city having Men's Missionary Committees. Systematic plans to organize more committees and Mission Study classes are at work. Some central interdenominational class on the study of missions is contemplated, and special mass meetings, addressed by missionaries and mission experts, will be conducted during the year.

The Committee on Auxiliary Cleries is completing the arrangements to carry out a plan for extending the movement to the principal cities of the State along lines similar to the campaign in Louisville. Four teams of six men each are formed and are in training. Prior to their leaving, these teams will be in conference and prayer for several days. These men will leave Louisville the latter part of January or early in February. They are Louisville Laymen and Ministers, who have made a special study of boys' work, Bible study, evangelism, social service and Missions.

Team One will go East as far as Ashland, returning via Newport or Covington. Team Two will visit the Southwestern section of the State. Team Three will cover the central portion of the State and go south to Franklin. Team Four will travel westward.

These teams, according to the Tentative Plan, will leave in pairs, representing nearly every church in the city are pledged to stimulate and organize the family altar, cottage prayer-meetings, shop meetings and community extension.

Team One will go East as far as Ashland, returning via Newport or Covington. Team Two will visit the Southwestern section of the State. Team Three will cover the central portion of the State and go south to Franklin. Team Four will travel westward. These teams, according to the Tentative Plan, will leave in pairs,

one layman and one minister, as follows:

Pair one will leave Louisville on a given date, stopping at the nearest city, where an institute on special work will be held in the afternoon, and a mass meeting for men and boys at night. Second day Pair Two will leave Louisville, stopping at said nearest city for similar meetings, pair Number One having gone on to the next place. Third day Pair Three will start and hold final service at the first stopping place the other two pairs having moved to the next city. Pair Four will be a reserve force when not engaged in the Western cities which they will visit. Thus the entire State will be covered by a three day conference, with twelve simultaneous meetings for men and boys in progress.

Most encouraging reports from many pastors show that the entire city is stirred. Men are volunteering for service. Church services have increased. Men are much more willing to attend committee meetings and all the services of the church. Men are led to feel that as they go they grow, and as they love they live.

NOTICE—First Meeting of Creditors

In the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Kentucky.

In the matter of A. W. Huff, bankrupt, in bankruptcy No. 196.

To the creditors of A. W. Huff, of Confidence, Leslie County and District aforesaid, a bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that on the 26th day of January, 1912, the said A. W. Huff was duly adjudged bankrupt; and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at Barbourville, Ky., in the city of Barbourville, on the 6th day of February, 1912 at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

This 26th day of January, 1912.

W. W. TINSLEY,
Referee in Bankruptcy
Adams & Holliday, Attys.

NOTICE—First Meeting of Creditors

In the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Kentucky.

In the matter of Ballard Trosper, In Bankruptcy 195

To the creditors of Ballard Trosper, of Corbin, in Knox County and District aforesaid, a bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that on the 18th day of January, 1912 the said Ballard Trosper was duly adjudged bankrupt; and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at Barbourville, Ky., on the 6th day of February, 1912, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may come before said meeting.

This 20th day of January, 1912.

W. W. TINSLEY,
Referee in Bankruptcy,
Brock, Hinkle & Walker, Attys.

Illustrated Sermon

There will be an illustrated sermon on the life of Christ at the First Methodist Episcopal Church Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. This will be especially interesting at this time as the Sunday-School lessons are now dealing with this subject. Special music has been arranged, part of which will also be illustrated.

LOOK AT THESE FIGURES

January 28, 1912 - \$215,398.82

January 28, 1911 - \$161,071.94

INCREASE FOR THE YEAR \$ 54,326.88

The assets of the First National Bank of Barbourville, on January 28, 1911 were \$161,071.94, and its assets on January 28, 1912 were \$215,398.82

A GAIN IN ONE YEAR OF \$54,326.88

The bank's assets are what it owns in the way of money, real property, government bonds, surplus profits, bank notes, gilt-edge securities, and other personal property. We venture the opinion that no other bank in Eastern Kentucky has INCREASED ITS ASSETS \$54,326.88 in the last year. A man looking for a strong, safe, and well managed bank would do well to study these figures. This bank not only GUARANTEES YOU ABSOLUTE SAFETY for your money, but will

Pay Interest on Time Deposits

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Barbourville, : Kentucky

THE MOUNTAIN ADVOCATE

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One Dollar Per Year in Advance

The Official Organ of the Republican
Party in Knox County.

MONEY AND MORALS

I have been in politics fifty years and I know that money and not patriotism counts in a presidential campaign—Heavy Waterson quoted by Gov. Wilson's campaign manager.

VAGUELY there drifts back to our memory the figure of a picturesque and eloquent old man—not so old then, either, but grizzled and battle-scarred, a veteran of many campaigns in politics and journalism—facing cheering audience as he discoursed in stinging sentences on "Money and Morals."

As we recall it, he has vexed in his righteous soul by the excesses of the idle rich. In the extravagances of Newport a Fifth Avenue he discerned a peril to the Nation. Fantastic frivolities at dance and dinner, exotic elegance and erotic indulgence, gratified at a cost that rivaled the expenditures of Europe's effete aristocracy, drew from him words of scorching denunciation and prophetic pictures of disaster for the people who countenanced such customs.

We were thrilled and stirred by his crusade. If immediate reform did not follow he is not to blame. If the Four Hundred the pleasure-pursuing plutocracy of America, did not at once discard its silks and laces and do rackcloth and ashes, only its hat and impenitent heart can be held responsible. The preacher having given his message and inscribed the warning "Ichabod" over the portals of gilded and giddy society washed his hands of it and turned to other things.

But, alas, what change is this that has come over him? One more we hear his voice, but we misinterpret the nature of his homily:

"I have been in politics fifty years and I know that money and not patriotism counts in a presidential campaign."

O, Mr. Watterson, Mr. Watterson, and this from you!

We could forgive it, we could understand it, we could listen to it with respect, did it come as a bare statement of experience, sad experience, the fact of which was occasion for regret, for grief and for rebuke.

But it is not the voice of the prophet we hear now; there is no righteous anger in the tone, no protesting note.

Instead it is the voice of the tempter, as one who says:

"There is nothing in your high ideals; there is no victory to be won by patriotism. These things are well enough for the platform and the columns of the newspaper, but in a presidential campaign it is money that counts. Let me get you money. Never mind from whence or whom, so we get it. Only with money can the job be done."

For the sake of the old days, Mr. Watterson, the old ideals of duty and decency and devotion to principle, let us talk this over.

Is the money a fan empty headed fop, squandering on a monkey dinner, more corrupting than the money of a traction magnate silently slipped into the campaign fund of a presidential candidate who is openly pledged to the service of the people?

Is there greater peril to the Nation in the tens of hundreds of thousands spent on a Newport fete, a revel of midsummer madness, than in the string-attached contribution of Wall Street to be

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure
The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar
NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

Do the people suffer more from the natural imbecilities of the Astorblits and the Vander-goulds, or the carefully calculated, designing investments of the Lumber Lords, the Oil Barons and the Steel, Chiefly in the legislature, gubernatorial, congressional and presidential candidates?

These world-weary fashion followers, these jaded devotees of appetite and amusement, whose ennuied nerves need ever a new sensation to stimulate reaction, are mere excrescences, essential to the Nation's life. They do not touch us deeply, and in course of time will be sloughed off by the hearty energy of real Americans, if that energy is kept healthful, unpoisoned at its source.

But those who would substitute the dollar for patriotism—they are the greatest foes of our social welfare. Those who would make the choice of our statesmen turn upon money—they are the traitors within the walls, the poisoners of our national veins, the convicts traded for coin; the traitors and the money.

—this is what debauches the country. The whole fabric of our life is corrupted, devitalized and degraded when we surrender to the

that wealth speaks louder more effectively than words. Against such a low, demoralizing conception of the forces of decency and patriotism have been fighting since the days when Savonarola thundered protest in Venice.

surely it was an ungarded moment when your words were uttered, Mr. Watterson. The gleam of Wall Street just day after yesterday's vision. Come to Kentucky, where you will be far from the temptations of Business. In the bucolic quietness of Jefferson town you can find he never, this the shadow of your own vineyard, the tree the nightmare will pass—Editorial from Louisville Herald.

PERILS OF MODERN LIFE

Aviator Cites Case of Jenkins to Show Walker is in as Great Danger as Flyer.

Miss Harriet Quimby, after one of her daring aeroplane flights at Mineola, L. I., smiled lightly at a reporter's mention of the danger of flying.

"Oh, there's danger everywhere," she said. "The walker is in as much danger almost as the flyer. Did you never hear about the fate of Jorkins?"

"Jorkins, poor fellow, came from the country to New York. The noise and confusion of New York quite upset him. Threading his way across the busy street, he thought he would go mad."

"Clank! Clank!"

"Jorkins leaped to the right just in time to escape a motor car."

"Ding-a-ling! Ding-dong."

"He darted to the left from under the very wheels of an automobile fire engine."

"Hum-m-m!"

"Jorkins, looking up in the air, now saw a monoplane, its tail smashed, falling straight upon him. He glared wildly round, caught sight of a manhole, lifted the cover and jumped down into a black hole just in time to be cut in half by an underground electric train."

ALL COURTS MUST BE OPEN

Secret Proceedings of Any Kind Are Contrary to Spirit of Our Law.

When two such eminent lawyers as Hannis Taylor and William E. Chandler contend that newspaper men may not properly be excluded from deposition proceedings because such proceedings constitute a court, and all courts must be open, the general public may be assured that the point is well taken. Mr. Taylor is one of the greatest living authorities on constitutional law, and Mr. Chandler, his colleague in a cause celebre, is likewise celebrated.

While it was undoubtedly to the interest of their clients that the proceedings should be open to newspaper men and consequently to the public, and while there might be fine-spun and even plausible arguments on the other side, it nevertheless remains true that under our legal system all courts are and must be open courts. Secret proceedings of any sort are contrary to the spirit of our law, which wisely recognizes that publicity is the refuge and the defense of the weak and innocent. Any encroachment upon that principle is to be feared and resisted.

PUTTING THE WOOD TO IT

Umpire O'Loughlin Fails to Appreciate One Handed to Him by St. Louis Catcher.

"An umpire must be dignified on the field, and if there is one thing that peeves 'Silk' O'Loughlin it is to rattle his dignity," says Umpire Billy Evans in the Cleveland Press.

"Catcher Krichell, of the St. Louis Browns put one over on 'Silk' one day that drew a laugh from both teams. O'Loughlin failed to appreciate it.

"In baseball, when a player hits the ball squarely, some of his teammates sing out: 'That's putting the wood to it, old boy.'"

"In the game in question O'Loughlin was working the plate, and a foul tip struck his mask, near the top, sailing into the grand stand at great speed.

"Nice work, 'Silk.' That's putting the wood to it, old boy."

"In an instant O'Loughlin's expression changed from pain to astonishment. He glared at the St. Louis player, and O'Connor was relieved when he didn't start a procession of athletes to the clubhouse."

TOO MANY BOOKS.

Barnaby Rich, in his preface to "A New Description of Ireland," published in 1600, writes:

"One of the diseases of this age is the multitude of books, that doth so overcharge the world that it is not able to digest the abundance of idle matter that is every day hatched and brought into the world, that are as livers in their forms as their authors are in their faces. It is but a thoughtless and thoughtless occupation, this writing of books. A man were better to sit singing in a cobbler's shop, for his pay is certainly a penny a patch! But a book writer, if he gets sometimes a few commendations of the judicious, he shall be sure to reap a thousand reproaches of the malicious."

CAMPHOR FOR A COLD.

In its early stages an acute cold may be avoided by use of camphor. If the chest seems "tight" rub it thoroughly with equal parts of sweet oil and camphor, and wear a compress during the night of flannel saturated with the mixture, heated and covered with dry flannel. Three or four drops of camphor in a glass of hot water, taken at night, is excellent. If the throat is a little sore use a gargle of ten drops of camphor to a tablespoonful of water, being careful not to swallow this. Rubbing the nose with sweet oil and camphor and inhaling the fumes of the latter will help matters when the head has a sensation of fullness.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

Some Kentucky School Superintendents Make but \$1 a Day.

EVEN PAY OWN POSTAGE.

But With These Pitiful Salaries They Must Put Up Bonds as High as \$30,000—Average Territory Is a Hundred Square Miles.

Does the blame for school conditions lie at the door of the county superintendents or the people at large?

Many county superintendents receive salaries of \$400 a year, and none of them receives more than \$1,500. When a man has a salary of \$400 he is of necessity forced to do something else or starve to death.

No stream can rise higher than its source. No underpaid man can put energy and thought into his work. In one of the fertile and prosperous counties of Kentucky not many miles from Cincinnati, O., I had an interview with a county superintendent whom I knew to be a "live wire" educationally. My first question was:

"How responsible does the public consider your position?"

"Do you mean as measured by my salary or by the bond I am asked to give?"

"Your bond."

"Well, I have to give a bond of \$30,000. You see, I have \$24,000 to pass through my hands annually to finance the forty-six schools that are scattered over the county. Besides, the school-houses with their equipment are an investment of about \$55,000."

"You say scattered over the county. How much territory does it cover?"

"This is rather a small county, but my schools that I am forced to visit cover a territory of a hundred square miles, and they are on many kinds of roads. It is quite a proposition to supervise the work of sixty-five teachers in forty-six schools, to say nothing of the office work and the inspection that is necessary for repairs and new buildings."

I was silent for a moment, thinking of the probable salary that would be paid a manager to take charge of a business with \$55,000 in the plant, spending \$24,000 a year running expenses and covering a territory of a hundred square miles. I smiled and asked quietly:

"What salary does this county allow you for your work as county superintendent?"

"FIVE HUNDRED AND TEN DOLLARS."

"Do the county and state allow you an adequate expense account?"

He pulled a pocket notebook from his desk and smiled rather bitterly as he said:

"They do not even pay for the stationery or stationery in my office work. Let me run over this for a moment and show you how it goes. I must keep a horse and buggy or I cannot get about. As this county has never taken over the turnpikes I must pay my own toll. If I am far from home in winter time I must stay all night at some hotel. All this makes my expenses for the past year \$230, leaving me at the end of the year \$280. That's LESS THAN A DOLLAR A DAY FOR ABSOLUTE WORKING TIME."

"What is the highest salary paid county superintendents in the state?"

"Fifteen hundred, and they are few and far between. There are lots of them on the \$400 and \$600 basis, and it simply means that the fellow has to do life insurance, farm a little, take a place in a store, make a living in some way and then use what time he can spare for the schools."

IT SIMPLY MEANS THAT OUR RURAL SCHOOLS ARE NOT MANAGED AT ALL. THEY ARE MORE COMMONLY MISMANAGED.

Education for the mass of the people is an investment and a business proposition. With a carefully educated population a state or a community can move forward in a desert, anywhere you place them. With an illiterate population the finest country on the globe cannot force them to make good. Brains, trained brains, is the insistent call of the twentieth century. Does Kentucky hear that call?

Business and prosperity follow brains; lawlessness and poverty follow illiteracy. Kentucky will be out of step with the onward sweep of the hurrying twentieth century so long as she allows thirteen children out of every hundred to grow into manhood and womanhood robbed of the divine right of being able at least to read and to write.

In order that Kentucky may occupy a place in the forefront in the matter of education, a movement has been inaugurated for the improvement of county schools.

Indifference due to a failure to appreciate the real value of education is one of the very serious obstacles which have confronted every movement toward a higher standard of educational work. In the last few years greater interest has been exhibited generally over the state, indicating in a decided manner that our people were shaking off the lethargy of the past and were aspiring to place the state on a sound, progressive educational basis.

Every citizen must rejoice over this awakening, and all should now unite in a continuous, earnest effort to atone for neglect of the past. It would be a useless task, in view of this growing appreciation of the importance and value of education, to make any argument or submit any extended report in its behalf.

THE BEST—SALWA S THE CHEAPEST

It may cost you just a little more to have THE LEXINGTON HERALD visit you each day than it would for some other daily papers, but would you not rather have your own home news in addition to what you get from the other daily and pay that small added cost. THE LEXINGTON HERALD is the Leading Daily of the BLUE GRASS. It gives an accurate market report, covers the tobacco market, sales, etc., keeps the farmer posted on the condition of crops in his own and adjoining counties, gives full reports of races, base ball and all other sporting events and the general news of the world—local and foreign.

A Special Rate Is Now On For THE HERALD

\$5.00 From Date to Jan. 1st, 1913

THE LEXINGTON HERALD CO.

Incorporated

LEXINGTON,

KENTUCKY

FURS AND HIDES
HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR RAW FURS AND HIDES
Wool on Commission. Write for price list mentioning this ad.
Established 1887
JOHN WHITE & CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.



Antonio Stradivari, the Italian violin maker, was born in 1644 and died in 1737. He was the pupil of Nicoli Amati, in whose employment he remained until about 1679, when he began making violins on his own account. He settled the typical pattern of the Cremona violin, and his instruments, for tone and finish, have never yet been excelled. His improvements consisted chiefly in lowering the height of the arch of the belly, in making the four corner blocks more massive, in giving greater curvature to the middle ribs, in altering the setting of the sound holes and in making the scroll more massive and prominent. He reached his greatest perfection in his art about 1714. He also made many other kinds of musical instruments.

There are many so-called Stradivari violins in existence, but few, if any of them, are genuine.

NATIONAL AIR FOR CHINA.

The last expiring act of the board of rites was to recommend a change in official music, which the emperor approved by decree of July 15. It appears that the Marquis Tseng evolved a national air when in London as minister thirty years ago, but it has never been officially notified to the army and navy. The western nations, and even Japan, all know each other's airs, which they strike up at banquets and solemn occasions; the make-shift air now semi-officially used by China is far from being suited to her dignity. It is not proposed to abandon entirely the old Chinese principles of music, but the envoys abroad have been directed to send all foreign national airs to the musical department of the board of rites, when competent trained ears will judge how best to combine Chinese notions with foreign and evolve something really good.

A SHINING METAL.

There is a legend among the peasants of Cornwall in England that at night there may be observed a faintly-shining mineral among the rocks brought from the mines. That this is not pure fancy has been proved by Professor Strutt. A specimen of the mineral autunite, which is also found in Wales, was sent to him from Portugal because of its luminosity. He finds that it closely resembles artificially prepared salts of uranium, and that its luminosity is due to spontaneous radio-activity. The light it sheds is stronger than that of nitrate of uranium. Upon parting with its water of crystallization the mineral loses its luminous property.—Scientific American.

FEMINE FINANCE.

Gramercy—What! You paid \$60 a dozen for stockings?

Mrs. Gramercy—Don't be angry, dear. I wasn't extravagant. I bought only half a dozen.—Puck.

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Don't try to turn a fence during this kind of weather. Let it go until it gets warmer, but, when you do get ready, buy your fencing materials from Robt. W. Cole, agent for the Stewart Iron Works, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

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DICTUM OF CAMERA MAN

Woman Subject Required to Rest an Hour Before Posing for Picture.

Three o'clock was the hour of the busy woman's appointment with the photographer, but early in the day he telephoned for her to come at two o'clock. She went, and found him busy with another subject.

"I wanted you to come ahead of time," he said, "so you could lie down and rest for an hour. It is the hardest kind of work to get you busy people into a proper condition to be photographed. You rush around up to the last minute, then come here nervous wrecks and expect me to take good pictures. I can't do it. Nobody can. Tightly drawn lips, sunken eyes, and a generally tense expression don't look well in a photograph. You are a good looking woman and deserve good looking pictures, but you won't get them unless you rest an hour before facing the camera."

The woman appreciated the wisdom of his remarks, but she was so angry because she had been cheated out of a valuable hour that it was doubtful if the rest improved her appearance.

The Pool of Flame



By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens at Monte Carlo with Col. Terence O'Rourke in his hotel. O'Rourke, a military free lance and something of a gambler, is dressing for a night at the Casino when below him the sound of a girl's voice singing attracts his attention. Leaving out on the balcony he sees a beautiful girl who suddenly disappears. He rushes to the corridor to see a neatly gowned form enter the elevator and pass from sight.

CHAPTER II.—O'Rourke's mind is filled with thoughts of the girl, and when he goes to the gaming table he allows his remarkable winnings to accumulate undisturbed. He notices two men watching him. One is the Hon. Bertie Glynn, while his companion is Viscount Des Trebes, a noted duelist. When O'Rourke leaves the table the viscount tells him he represents the French government and that he has been directed to O'Rourke as a man who would undertake a secret mission.

CHAPTER III.—At his room O'Rourke, who had agreed to undertake the mission, awaits the viscount. O'Rourke finds a mysterious letter in his apartment. The viscount arrives, hands a sealed package to O'Rourke, who is not to open it until on the ocean. He says the French government will pay O'Rourke 5,000 francs for his services. A pair of dainty slippers are seen protruding from under a doorway curtain and the viscount charges O'Rourke with having a spy secreted there.

CHAPTER IV.—When the Irishman goes to his room he finds there the owner of the mysterious feet. It is his wife, Beatrix, from whom he had run away a year previous. They are reconciled, and opening the letter he had received, he finds that a law firm in Raanoun, India, offers him 100,000 pounds for an Indian jewel known as the Pool of Flame and left to him by a dying friend. O'Rourke tells his wife that it is in the keeping of a friend named Chambret in Algeria.

CHAPTER V.—O'Rourke is forced to fight a duel with the viscount. The arrogant nobleman is worsted in the combat and acts the poltroon.

CHAPTER VI.—The loyal wife bids O'Rourke farewell and he promises to soon return with the reward offered for the Pool of Flame. He discovers both Glynn and the viscount on board the ship which takes him to Algeria.

CHAPTER VII.—Chambret has left Algeria and O'Rourke has to gain a military detachment going across the desert to reach his friend. As he finds the latter there is an attack by bandits and Chambret is shot.

CHAPTER VIII.—Chambret dies telling O'Rourke that he has left the Pool of Flame with the governor general of Algeria. He gives the colonel a signal ring at the elbow of which he says the official will deliver over the jewel.

CHAPTER IX.—O'Rourke is attacked by Glynn and the viscount who ransack his luggage, but he worships them in the conflict.

CHAPTER X.—When he arrives at Algiers the Irishman finds the governor general away. He receives a note from Des Trebes making a mysterious appointment.

CHAPTER XI.—The viscount tells O'Rourke that he has gained possession of the jewel he stole from the safe of the governor general. He does not, however, know who has offered the reward for it. He suggests a duel with the viscount who offers to get that information and the jewel.

CHAPTER XII.—In the duel O'Rourke masters his adversary and secures possession of the Pool of Flame.

Nearly two months had elapsed since he had promised two people—himself and one infinitely more dear to him—to be in Raanoun in ninety days. In little more than a month he'd be waiting for him there. . . . And where would he be? Still was he far by many a long and weary mile from the first gateway to the East—Suez; and still he lacked many an aloof and distant dollar the funds to finance him thither.

If only he could contrive to get to Alexandria!—Danny was there—Danny Mahone, he of the red, red head and the ready fists; Danny, who held the O'Rourke as only second to the Pope in dignity and importance; who had been O'Rourke's valet in a happier time and of late in his humbler way an adventurer like his master. He was there, in Alexandria, half partner in a tobacco importing house, by virtue of money borrowed from O'Rourke long since, at a time when money was to be had of the man for the asking. . . . And Danny would help.

You must see O'Rourke revolving in his mind this unhappy predicament of his, on the last of the many afternoons that he spent in Greece. Draw down the corners of his wide, mobile mouth, etch up the devil in his eyes, until they flicker and flash their resentment, place a pucker between the brows of his habitually serene and unwrinkled forehead; and there you have him who sat beside the little table in the purple of the Zappelon, with a head bared to the cool of the evening breeze, alternately puffing at a medoc cigar and sipping black coffee from the demi-tasse at his elbow.

Now just as the sun was sinking behind the mountains and Hymettus was lighting its long slopes in vague violet light of mystery and enchantment (for this view alone O'Rourke took himself to the Zappelon daily) the Irishman's somber meditations were interrupted. "Phew! Otter'n the seven brass fuses of hell!" remarked a cheerful voice, not two feet from his ear.

O'Rourke turned with an imperceptible start—he was not easily startled. "True for ye," he assented, taking stock of him who, with his weather-wise remark for an introduction, calmly possessed himself of the vacant chair at the other side of the

table and grinned a rubicund grin across it.

He showed himself a man in stature no whit inferior to the Irishman, as to height; and perhaps he was a stone the heavier of the two. He lacked, otherwise, O'Rourke's alert habit, was of a slower, more stolid and beefy build. The eyes that met O'Rourke's were gray and bright and hard, and set in a countenance flaming red—a color partly natural and partly the result of his stroll through Athens' heated streets.

His dress was rough, and there was this and that about him to tell O'Rourke more plainly than words that his profession was something nautical; he was most probably a captain, from a certain air of determination and command that lurked beneath his free-and-easy manner.

Therefore, having summed the stranger up in a glance, "And when did ye get in, captain?" inquired O'Rourke.

The man jumped with surprise and shot a frightened—at least a questioning—glance at O'Rourke. Then, seeing that he was smiling in a friendly fashion, calmed and continued to cool his face and heat his blood by fanning himself vigorously with a straw hat.

"Ow the dooce do you know I'm a captain?" he demanded, with a slightly aggrieved manner. "It shouldn't take a man an hour to guess that, captain—any more than it would to pick ye out for an Englishman."

The captain stared, gray eyes widening. "An' perhaps you'll tell me my nymé next?" he suggested rather truculently.

"Divvie a bit. 'Tis no clairvoyant I am," laughed O'Rourke. "But I can tell ye me own. 'Tis O'Rourke, and 'tis delighted I am to meet a white man in this heathen country. Sir, your hand!"

He put his own across the table and gripped the captain's heartily.

"Mine's 'Ole,'" the latter informed him.

"Ole?" queried O'Rourke. "Ole what?"

"Not Ole nothing," said the captain with some pardonable asperity. "I didn't say 'Ole, I said 'Ole.'"

"Of course," O'Rourke assented gravely. "I'm stupid, Captain 'Ole, and a bit deaf in me off ear." This, however, was a polite lie.

"That explains it," agreed the mollified man. "It's 'Ole, plyn Will'm 'Ole, master of the Pelican, fryghter, just in from Malta."

A light of interest kindled in O'Rourke's eyes. He reviewed the man with more respect, as due to one who might prove useful. "And bound—?" he inquired craftily.

"Alexandria. . . . I just dropped in for a d'y or two to pick up a bit of cargo from a chap down at Piraeus. It's devilish 'ot and I thought as 'ow I'd t'ke a run up and see the city—having a bit of time free, y'know."

"Surely," sighed O'Rourke, a far-away look in his eyes. "For Alexandria, eh? Faith, I'd like to be sailing with ye."

Again the captain eyed O'Rourke askance. "Wot for?" he demanded directly. "The Pelican's a slow old tramp. You can pick up a swifter passage on 'art-a-dozen boats a day."

"'Tis meself that knows that, sure," assented the Irishman. "'Tis but a trifling difficulty about ready money



He Gripped the Captain's Hand Heartily.

that detains me," he pursued boldly, with a confidential jerk of his head. "There's a bit of stuff—no matter what—that I don't want to pass through the Custom House at Alexandria. I'm not saying a word, captain, but if I could smuggle it into Egypt, the profit would be great enough to pay me passage-money a dozen times over. I'm saying this to ye in strict confidence, for, being an Englishman, ye won't let on."

"Never fear," Hole asserted stoutly. "Umm. . . . Er—I don't mind telling you, Mr. O'Rourke, I sometimes do a little in that line myself. Being a casual tramp and sometimes l'yed by for weeks at a stretch for want of consignment—"

"Not another word, captain. I understand perfectly. Will ye be having a bit of a drink, now?"

Captain Hole would. "It won't urt to talk this over," he remarked. "Perhaps we might myke some sort of a dicker."

"Faith, 'tis meself that's agreeable," laughed the Irishman lightly. And when, at midnight that night, he parted from a moist and sentimental sailor-man, whose capacity for liquor—even including the indescribable native retsinato and mastichas—had proved enormous, the arrangement had been arrived at, signed, sealed and delivered by a clasp of hands. And it was O'Rourke who was the happy man.

"'Tis Danny who'll be giving me the welcome," he assured himself, sitting on the edge of his bed and staring thoughtfully into the disheveled depths of the battered steel kitbox that housed everything he owned in the world—for he was packing to join the Pelican at noon.

"I hope to hiven he has five pounds," announced O'Rourke later, frowning dubiously.

Five pounds happened to be the sum he had agreed to pay Captain Hole for the accommodation, it being further conditioned that the latter was to accompany the adventurer ashore at Alexandria and not part from him till the money was forthcoming: something which irked the Irishman's soul. "Why could he not take me word for it?" he demanded of midnight darkness tempered by feeble lamplight. "But, faith, I forgot what I'm dealing with. Besides, 'tis sure I am to find Danny."

He arose and resumed his packing, blowing an inaudible little air through his puckered lips. "Divvish awkward if I don't. . . . By the Gods! I'd all but misremembered. . . ."

He failed to state exactly what he had misremembered, but stood motionless, with troubled eyes staring at the lamp flame, for a full five minutes. Then—

"I'll have to chance it," he said slowly. "'Tisn't as if it were mine."

He unbuttoned the front of his shirt and thrust a hand between his under shirt and his skin, fumbled about under his left armpit, his brows still gathered thoughtfully. Presently he gave a little jerk and removed his hand. It contained a chamouis-skin bag about the size of a duck's egg, from which dangled the stout cord by which he had slung it about his neck.

Holding this gingerly, as if he feared it would explode, O'Rourke glanced at the window, drew the blind tight, and tiptoed to the door, where he turned the key in the lock. Then, returning to his bed and making sure that he was out of range of the key-hole, he cautiously loosened the drawing string at the mouth of the bag.

Something tumbled out into his palm and lay there like a ball of red fire, brilliant and coruscant.

O'Rourke caught at his breath sharply; his very voice had an ominous ring in its timber when he spoke at length.

"Blood," he said slowly. "Blood. . . . I doubt not that rivers of blood have flowed for the sake of ye. Be like ye were fashioned of blood in the beginning, for 'tis that's your color and the story of ye as I've heard it is all told when I've said that one word—blood! . . ."

And, after a bit, "I'd best put it away I'm thinking. 'Twouldn't be safe to carry it that way any longer. If something should catch in me shirt or beard, and rip it, and Hole happen to see it—why, me life wouldn't be worth a moment's purchase. I'll hide it in me box there; they'll niver suspect."

And with that he thrust the Pool of Flame back into the leather bag and the bag into the depths of the kitbox; which he presently locked and noiselessly moved beneath his bed. After all of which he lay down and with another sigh slept tranquilly.

CHAPTER XIII.

Some time in the golden afternoon of the following day, the Pelican weighed anchor and slouched with a loush air out of the harbor of the Piraeus.

"Plyn Bill 'Ole," the captain said he preferred to be called. And "Plain Bill Hole!" mused the Irishman, leaning over the forward rail and sucking at a short black pipe. "Faith, not only plain, but even a trifle homey," he amended judiciously.

"As for meself," he concluded later "I'm no siren in this rig." And he lifted his eyebrows, protruding his lower lip, as he glanced down over his attire.

It was a strange rig for the O'Rourke to be in: an engineer's blue jumper, much the worse for wear, and a pair of trousers whose seat, O'Rourke maintained, was only held together by its coating of dirt and grease.

O'Rourke eyed this get-up with disdain. "Fortunately," he comforted himself, "twon't be forever I'll be wearing it."

In the present instance, the disguise was held an advisable thing, since O'Rourke was officially registered on the ship's books as assistant engineer. The Pelican carried no license for passengers, and in view of his avowed purpose it was deemed unwise for the Irishman to risk detection by appearing "too tony" (an expression culled from the captain's vocabulary).

Otherwise, it was understood that his duties were to consist of the pursuit of his own sweet will, that he was to occupy a stateroom aft, and that he was to mess at the captain's table.

On an evening, some nine or ten days after he had left Athens, O'Rourke at the forward rail saw the low profile of Egypt edge up out of the waters, saw it take color and form, made out palms and the windmills, the light-house and Pompey's pillar; and knew that he was close upon his journey's end.

Her winches rattled cheerfully as the Pelican dropped anchor, but O'Rourke did not move. There would be no going ashore, he knew, until Hole was ready, and that would be when the customs officials had paid him a call and the usual courtesies had been exchanged. The Irishman had no need to be in haste to change from his present garb to one that better suited him. So he lolled upon the rail and regarded with a kindling eye the harbor views.

He nipped his brow, simply (as he fitted one of his apparent station in life) with the back of a hand, and stood erect, exulting in the scent, the indescribable, impalpable, insistent odor of the East that is forgotten of none who had ever known it. The hot wind drove it gustily in his face, and he sniffed and drew great lungfuls and was glad.

"'Tis good!" he said simply. And, a bit later, while on the short-line the blazen area were beginning to pop out silently: "There's the customs boat. I'm thinking I'll slip below."

No lamps had yet been lighted below, but O'Rourke knew the way to his room. He entered and shut the door. The afterglow of the sunset, entering through the porthole, rendered the little coop light enough for his purpose. Dropping to his knees, the Irishman pulled his kit-box from beneath the bunk.

The lid came up freely as he touched it. For a full minute he did not breathe. Then, in ominous silence, he bent and examined the lock.



The First Officer's Fist Caught O'Rourke Just Under the Ear.

It became immediately evident that his memory had not tricked him; the trunk was locked, as he had left it that morning. But the clasp had yielded to a bold chisel.

It was hardly worth the trouble, still O'Rourke rummaged through the contents of the box, assuring himself that the chamouis bag was gone. So far as he could determine then, nothing else had been taken.

He shut down the lid and sat down to think it out, eyes hard, face grimly expressionless, only an intermittent nervous clenching and opening of his hands betraying his gathering rage and excitement. At length he arose, determination in his port.

One phrase alone escaped him: "And not a gun to me name!"

He went on deck. Already the tropic night had closed down upon the harbor, but it was easy enough to locate the captain and first officer, still waiting at the gangway. From over-side arose the splutter of a launch—a raucous sound, yet one that barely ruffled the surface of O'Rourke's consciousness. He stepped quickly to the captain's side and touched him gently on the arm.

"Captain," he said quickly, "I'll be asking the favor of a word with ye in private."

Hole caught the gleam of the Irishman's eye in the lamplight and—stepped back a pace.

"Get forrard," he said curtly. "Can't you see the customs officer coming aboard? I'll see you later."

"Ye will not. Ye'll hear me now, captain."

Hole backed further away. "Wot!" he barked hoarsely, raising his voice. "Wot! I'll show you 'oo's master aboard this ship. Get forrard to my quarters! 'Shelp-me-gawd!" he exploded violently. "'Oo ever heard the like of it?"

O'Rourke stepped nearer, his fists closing. "Drop that tone, ye scud!" he cried. "D'ye want me to spoil your little game?"

The shot went home. The captain gasped, and in the darkness O'Rourke fancied he lost a shade or two of his ruddy color.

"Wotcher mean?" he demanded, lowering his tone.

"I mean," replied O'Rourke in a quick whisper, "that the Egyptian customs officer is at the side. Return what ye've stolen from me this day, or I'll tell the whole harbor what ye've been up to! And, if ye want me to be more explicit, perhaps the word 'hashish' will refresh your memory!"

"I'll talk to you later—"

"Ye'll give me back me property this minute or—"

O'Rourke was at the rail in a stride. "Shall I tell him?" he demanded.

A swift shout sounded beside him. He turned an instant too late, who had reckoned without Dennison. As he moved to protect himself the first officer's fist caught the Irishman just under the ear. And one hundred and seventy-five pounds of man and malice were behind it. O'Rourke shot into the scuppers as though kicked by a mule, struck his head against a piece of iron work and lay still, half stunned, shutting his teeth savagely upon a nail.

Hole and the first mate stood over him, and the captain's voice, guarded but clear enough, came to his ear: "You'll lie there, me man, and not so much as a whimper till I give you leave. Take 'eed wot I says. Mr. Dennison 'ere is goin' to clean 'is revolver."

O'Rourke lay silent, save for his quick breathing. The first officer, grinning malevolently, sat down near at hand, keeping a basilisk eye upon the prostrate man while he fondled an able-bodied, hammerless Wobley.

Hole moved off towards the gang-

way, whence his voice arose, an instant later, greeting his visitor. The latter put a hurried question, which O'Rourke did not catch, but the captain's reply was quick enough:

"Only a mutinous derg of a dach-and. Wanted shore leave and refused to go forrard when ordered. 'E ain't 'urted none. Mr. Dennison 'ere just gyve 'im a tap to keep him quiet."

The Irishman swore beneath his breath and watched the first officer. The light from the lantern at the gangway glanced dully upon the polished barrel of the revolver, and the gleaming line was steadily directed towards O'Rourke's head. Upon reconsideration he concluded to be still, to wait and watch his opportunity; for the present, at least, he was inclined to question Dennison's willingness to use the weapon. O'Rourke was to be kept quiet at all hazards, and he knew it full well; for once he conceded discretion the better part of valor, and was patient.

CHAPTER XIV.

In the face of the fact that the importation of hashish into Egypt has been declared illegal by Khedival legislation, the drug is always to be obtained in the lower dives of Alexandria, Cairo and Port Said—if one only knows where to go and how to ask for it. Manufactured in certain islands of the Grecian Archipelago, it is mysteriously exported under the very noses of complaisant authorities and, eluding the rigor of Egyptian customs, as well as the vigilance of Egyptian spies, finds its way to the fellahen—among other avid consumers: speaking baldly, is smuggled into the land. Customs inspectors, furthermore, are as severe as might be expected by anyone acquainted with the country and its inhabitants—as was O'Rourke.

He felt, then, no sort of surprise at the brevity of the official visitation.

The inspector, accompanied by an excessively urbane and suave Captain Hole, consciously but briefly glanced into the hold, asked a few questions which would have been pertinent had they not been entirely perfunctory, and took his leave.

From the gangway the captain turned back directly to his first officer and the latter's charge. Hearing his approaching footsteps, O'Rourke gathered himself together and summoned all his faculties to his aid.

"Troublesome?" demanded Hole, pausing.

"Not a syllable," said the mate. "Th' mon's sensible. I hate me doubts but he's too canny altogether."

"Peaceful as a byby, eh? Well," savagely, "ell learn wot for. Get up, you Irish—"

O'Rourke lay passive under the storm of Hole's profanity. He had all but closed his eyes, and was watching the pair from beneath his lashes. Falling to elicit any response, "Asn't 'e moved?" demanded the captain.

"Not a muscle—"

"Shammin'!" "Ere, I'll show 'im."

O'Rourke gritted his teeth and suppressed a groan as the toe of Hole's heavy boot crashed into his ribs. "Th' mon's nae shammin'." Dennison declared. "He's fair fainted."

"Fainted hell!" countered the captain. "Give 'is arm a twist, Dennison."

The mate calmly disobeyed. The arm-twist desired by the captain requires the use of the twister's two hands, and stoutly as he defended his opinion, the first officer was by no means ready to put up his revolver. He advanced and bent over the Irishman, who lay motionless, his upper lip rolled back to show his clenched teeth. "Heugh!" exclaimed the first officer, peering into his face, his tone expressive of the liveliest concern. Without further hesitation he dropped the revolver into his pocket and—received a tremendous short-arm blow in the face.

With a stifled cry he fell back, clutching at a broken nose, and sprawled at length; while O'Rourke, leaping to his feet, deliberately put a heel into the pit of Dennison's stomach, thereby effectually eliminating him as a factor in the further controversy. Simultaneously he advanced upon Captain Hole.

But in the latter he encountered no mean antagonist. The man—it has been said—was as tall as and heavier than the adventurer, and by virtue of his position a competent and experienced rough-and-ready fighter. In a breath he had lowered his head and, bellowing like a bull, launched himself toward O'Rourke.

The Irishman met the onslaught with a stinging uppercut; which, nevertheless, failed to discourage the captain, who grappled and began to belabor O'Rourke with short, stabbing blows on the side of the head, at the same time endeavoring to trip him. The fury of his onset all but carried the Irishman off his feet. At the same time it defeated Hole's own purpose. O'Rourke watched his chance, seized the man's throat with both hands and, tightening his grip, fairly lifted him off his feet and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. Then, with a grunt of satisfaction, he threw the captain from him and turned to face greater odds.

The noise of the conflict had brought the crew down upon the contestants. Surrounded, he was rushed to the rail. With that to his back he drew on his reserve of strength and, poisoning himself, began to give his assailants personal and individual attention. They pushed him close, snarling and cursing, hindering one another in their eagerness, and suffering variously for their temerity. O'Rourke fought with trained precision; his blows, lightning quick, were direct from the shoulder and very finely placed; and so straight did he strike that almost from the

first his knuckles were torn a bleeding from their impact upon steel and bone.

Fight as fiercely as he might, however, the pack was too heavy for him; and when presently he discerned, not in one but in half a dozen hands, gleams of light—the rays of a nearby lantern running down knife-blades—he conceded the moment imminent when he must sever his connection with the Pelican. Moreover he had a shrewd suspicion that Hole was up and only waiting for an opening to use his revolver.

Leaping to the rail, he poised an instant, then dived far out from the vessel's side, down into the Stygian blackness of the harbor water; a good clean dive, cutting the water with hardly a splash, he went down like an arrow, gradually swerving from the straight line of his flight into a long arc—so long, indeed, that he was well-nigh breathless when he came to the surface, a dozen yards or more from the Pelican.

Spitting out the foul harbor water, and with a swift glance over his shoulder that showed him the Pelican's dark freeboard like a wall, and a cluster of dark shapes hanging over the rail at the top vaguely revealed by lantern light, he struck out for the nearest vessel, employing the double overhand stroke, noisy but speedy.

That he heard no cry when he came to the surface, that Hole had not detected him by the phosphorescence, and that he had held his hand from firing, at first puzzled O'Rourke; but he reasoned that Hole probably feared to raise an alarm and thereby attract much undesirable attention to himself and his ship. In the course of the first few strokes, however, he managed to peep again over his shoulder, and from the activity on the Pelican's decks concluded that he was to be pursued by boat; which, in fact, proved to be the case.

Fortunately the Pelican rode at anchor in waters studded thick with other vessels, affording plenty of hiding places on a night as black as that. The adventurer made direct for the first vessel, swam completely around it, and by the time the Pelican's boat was afloat and its rowers bending to the oars, he was supporting himself by a hand upon the unknown ship's cable, floating on his back with only his face out of water.

Under these conditions, it was small wonder that the boat missed him so completely.

At length rested, the Irishman released his hold and struck out for land at an easy pace.

Eventually he gained the end of a quay, upon which he drew himself for a last rest and to let his dripping garments drain a bit ere venturing abroad in the streets.

Not until then, strangely enough, did it come to him with its full force, how he had been tricked and played upon from the very beginning. And he swore bitterly when he contemplated his present position of a penniless outcast in a city almost wholly strange to him, without friends (save indeed, Danny—wherever he might be), with-



"The Irishman Was Upon Him—"

out a place to lay his head, lacking even a change of clothing. His kit-box was aboard the Pelican and likely to remain there, for all he could do to the contrary; in his present state, to apply to the authorities or to attempt to lodge a complaint against Captain Hole would more likely than not result in incarceration on a charge of vagrancy more real than technical. And—the Pool of Flame! He turned with impotent rage when he saw how blindly he had stumbled into Hole's trap, how neatly he had permitted himself to be raped of the jewel. For in the light of late events he could not doubt but that Hole had sought him out armed with the knowledge that O'Rourke was in possession of the priceless jewel—more than probably advised and employed by Des Trebes; assuming that he had failed to inflict a mortal wound upon that adventurer.

"Aw, the divvie, the divvie!" complained O'Rourke. "Ere, and 'tis a pretty mess 'isvenge of it all, now!"

Saying which he rose and clambered to the top of the quay—with the more haste than good will in view of the fact that the splashing of cars, the dimly outlined shape of a boat heading directly for his refuge, had suddenly become visible. Of course, it might not be the Pelican; but O'Rourke was too thoroughly impressed with the conviction that the laws of coincidence were working against him, just then at any rate, to be willing to run unnecessary risks.

Other chapters of this highly interesting story will appear next issue. Watch for them!